

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

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HEADQUARTERS STAFF: Petawawa, 1907.

Standing—Lieut. J. H. MacBrien,
Orderly Officer.

Capt. Lister,
Signalling Officer.

Lt.-Col. O. Shore, D.S.O.
Attached.

Sitting—Lt.-Col. W. G. Gwatkin,
G. S. O.

Brig.-General W. D. Otter, C.B., A.D.C.,
G.O.C.

Major H. A. Panet, D.S.O.,
S.O.A.

Personal & Regimental

St. Johns.

Mr. Harry Worcester Smith, M.F.H., of Boston, and Major Timmis judged at the recent Montreal Hunt Club Horse Show in Hunter Classes, Jumping, Saddle Horses, Children's ponies, police mounts and polo ponies. According to the Montreal Daily Star "their work appeared to be highly satisfactory to both competitor and spectator."

The valuable services of Trumpeter Q.S.M. Travers in playing the cornet during the schooling of the horses in preparation for the Musical Ride at the Montreal Tournament are greatly appreciated by 'A' Squadron. We are sorry to see him leave on his return to headquarters.

N/Sister Wylie returned recently from a visit to her mother who has been ill, bringing back with her a beautiful collie dog to which she was very much attached. Unfortunately this dog has strayed from the Barracks much to the sister's regret and we would ask that any information regarding its whereabouts be communicated to Cavalry Barracks Hospital, St. Johns.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Tpr. A. Letourneaux who sustained a severe fracture of the leg during the mounted sports on June 4th.

The undermentioned are at present attending the Camp School of Instruction, St. Johns.

Lieut. A. W. D. Swan, McGill, C.O.T.C.

P/Lieut. H. V. Hugman, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.

Lieut. L. Champoux, 7th Hussars

Lieut. H. Goodson, E.T.M.R.

Lieut. R. E. Faulkner, K.C. Hussars.

P/Lieut. E. E. Conley, 3rd C.C.S.

Lieut. C. J. Ceappy, E.T.M.R.
Lieut. J. J. R. Strong, M.C., M.M., C.S.C.

Lieut. L. K. Petitelere, C.S.C.

Lieut. J. C. Robinson, K.C.H.

Lieut. A. M. Cathcart, E.T.M.R.

Sgt. Short, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.

S/Sergt. G. Plamondon, 5th C.S.

Sergt. J. Plamondon, 3rd C.C.S.

Sergt. H. H. Woollerton, 3rd, C.C.S.

Sergt. H. G. Soper, 3rd C.C.S.

Sergt. D. A. Wheeler, 3rd C.C.S.

Corpl. W. H. O'Brien, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.

A/Corpl. J. Yule, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.

Tpr. G. Ronald, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.

Several parties from St. Johns motored to Montreal on June 16th to witness the game between the Glasgow Rangers and Montreal All-Stars. The Rangers' style was greatly appreciated and it is expected that a great improvement will be shown by the various troop teams in their method of play in future.

Author of "Soldiering" will proceed to Ottawa on July 4th to take a six weeks' course in musketry.

Ex-Tpr. Ellis who is so widely known for his religious work among the Chinese of St. Johns motored from Ottawa to St. Johns, accompanied by ex-Tpr. Stanyer. We are very pleased to see them both again and hope they enjoyed themselves. Albert is back in the service again; he is employed on the staff of the Air Force at Ottawa and appears to like the work he is doing.

It is understood that the restaurants declared a holiday when they heard that Ellis was in town.

(Toronto and Niagara Camp)

Many of the officers and members of their families from Stanley Barracks availed themselves of the kindness of the Ontario Jockey Club in placing a box at our disposal and attended the recent Spring Meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club at Woodbine Park.

On the opening day of the Woodbine races His Excellency the Governor General and Viscountess Willingdon attended the races in state, the escort being furnished by 'B' Squadron Royal Canadian Dragoons, and commanded by Maj. W. Baty.

A Mess Guest Night was held in the Officers Mess Stanley Barracks on Friday May 25th when Colonel E. C. Dean, R.C.A.S.C. and Major W. S. Lawrence, R.C.E. were present as Mess Guests. Several of-

ficers from District Headquarters availed themselves of their privilege as Honorary Members to dine in Mess and several officers also personal guests present.

Lieut. A. C. Cameron, G.G.B.G. has been attached to 'B' Squadron for the past month. He accompanied us on the trek from Toronto to Niagara. We are genuinely sorry when he left us in order to proceed on a holiday trip to England and Germany. He will be affectionately remembered by the officers as "Alfie the P.T.S." On his return from abroad he hopes to again be attached to us during our stay at Petawawa.

Lt. Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., has vacated the officers' quarters at Stanley Barracks, which are to be occupied by Major A. K. Hemming. The R.C.R. Colonel Bowie will take up his residence elsewhere in the city after his return from Camp.

Sergt. Major F. Ackerman is at present on three weeks' furlough and accompanied by his wife, is visiting relatives in Quebec City.

Q.M.S.T. J. Travers, R.C.D. has returned from command with 'A' Squadron at St. Johns, Que., where for the past six weeks he has been instructing the Trumpeters at that station. He brought back with him greetings from all ranks of the 'rural squadron' and also glowing reports of the Military Tournament held recently in Montreal.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons took part in the recent Annual Church Parade of the Toronto Garrison, which was held on Sunday, May 27th, and totalled over 6,000 all ranks. The parade marched from the Armouries, University Avenue, to the Mutual St. Arena, where Divine Service was held, thence via Jarvis and Maitland Streets, Queens Park and University Avenue to the saluting base in front of the Canadian Military Institute. Their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and

Viscountess Willingdon were present at the service and His Excellency took the salute at the saluting base.

Lieut. Jules Paquet, 11th Hussars, is attached for duty to 'B' Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, for a period of three months.

Mrs. D. B. Bowie, has returned from London, Ontario, where she spent a week as the guest of Brig-General and Mrs. C. J. Armstrong at Wolseley Barracks, and is now staying at the Oban Inn, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Lieut. C. Foulkes, The R.C.R. has recently been transferred from London to Toronto, and we welcome him to our midst.

Major A. K. Hemming and family are at present living under canvas in the vicinity of Fort George, Niagara Camp.

Mrs. M. Drury, is at present at her home in Sherbrooke, Que., and will return to Toronto accompanied by her mother, Mrs. W. H. Farwell about June 20th, where Captain Drury is moving into his new residence at 93 Tyndall Ave.

Old Comrades Notes.

Do not forget the Annual Picnic of the R.C.D. Old Comrade Ass'n which is scheduled to take place at Niagara-on-the Lake, on Saturday, July 14th. Full details will be sent to all members of the Ass'n.

We regret to report that our old friend and comrade Harry Bush has been in Christie Street Hospital for the past month, where he underwent an operation upon his leg. He is reported as being a very good patient and it is expected that he will be in hospital for some time.

Brig-General C. M. Nelles who resides at Niagara-on-the-Lake is a frequent visitor to the camp



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lines, as is also ex-Sergt. J. H. Mathews who still looks hale and hearty and who on paying us a visit was ordered by S. M. Copeland to report to Mr. Bull for a shave and a hair-cut.

We were please to receive a visit from Jeff Birkett on Sunday June 10th, and he was persuaded to stay for supper at the Officers Mess. Mr. Birkett has recently taken a new position as Inspector with the Ontario Liquor Commission. We trust that his new duties will frequently bring him to the vicinity of Toronto, Niagara or Petawawa.

Ex-Tpr. J. M. Hinchcliffe who is a member of the Provincial (Highway) Police visited camp recently to pay a call upon his old comrades and his brother who is attending the present Camp School of Cavalry.

Niagara Camp.

The personnel of Stanley Barracks moved to their summer quarters at Niagara Camp on May 29th and 30th. 'B' Squadron, R.C.D. moving by march route (a short account of which will be found elsewhere) and 'B' Company, The R.C.R. Details crossed Lake Ontario via the Canada Steamship lines boats. At the present there are large courses of instruction being held in the Camp Schools of Cavalry, Infantry and Machine Guns, at time of going to press the strength of the camp is as follows:

R.C.D.	8 officers
	98 other ranks
Camp School of Cav. 7 officers	
	20 other ranks
R.C.R.	3 officers
	76 other ranks
Camp School of Inf. 19 officers	
	56 other ranks
Camp School of M.G. 13 officers	
	15 other ranks
R.C.A.S.C. ...	1 officer
	3 other ranks
R.C.E.	1 officer
	7 other ranks
R.C.O.C. ...	3 other ranks
R.C.A.M.C.	1 other rank
R.C.A.V.C.	1 other rank
Total	52 officers
	280 other ranks

The Militia Camp will open on Monday, 18th June, and will continue for a period of twelve days, during which time the following



Neuve Eglise Messines, Aldershot Huts—Ploegstret, Belgium 1915.

troops will be in training:—

Hdqs, Military District No. 2
1st Mounted Brigade (H.Q.)
The Governor General's Body Guard
2nd Dragoons
The Mississauga Horse
10th Brant Dragoons
5th Infantry Brigade (H.Q.)
The Halton Rifles
The Haldimand Rifles
The Norfolk Rifles
The Lincoln and Welland Regiment
8th Divisional Train, C.A.S.C.
Canadian Army Medical Corps
No. 2 Detachment, C.A.D.C.
No. 2 Detachment, C.P.C.

The arrangements are somewhat different this year. The District Staff Officers are occupying and messing in the H.Q. Compound and the Royal Canadian Dragoons Officers Mess is situated in the Camp Lines, whilst the officers of the Camp Schools are messing under arrangements made with a civilian caterer.

CAVALRY CAMP NOTES**St. Johns**

A, B, and C Squadrons of the 17th D.Y.R.C.H. arrived in St. Johns on June 12th and will undergo training for a period of ten days. They have a strength of 112 all ranks and according to their instructors they are making splendid progress with their drill.

The 12th Infantry Brigade, consisting of the Royal Highlanders, Victoria Rifles and the Royal Montreal Regiment will be in

camp from June 29th to July 2nd.

The Chateauguay and Joliette Regiments will come to St. Johns Military Camp on June 26th for their annual training and will remain till July 7th.

The Cavalry Camp Commandant is Major G. R. Bouchard, who recently took over the duties of D.A.A. and Q.M.G., M.D. No. 4 on transfer from M.D. No. 5.

The G.S.O., Cavalry Camp is Major Prower, who succeeded Col. Perry on transfer from M.D. No. 5.

CAMP NOTES

C.S.M.I., Wallace, W., The R.C.R., Q.M.S. I. Auclair, R. 22nd R., Q.M.S.I. W. Carruthers, R.C.-C.S., S. M. Brown, R.C.A.V.C. and Sergeant Thwaites and Burton are in St. Johns in connection with camp duties.



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Bytown Bits.

Annual Training:—The season of annual training is now here for the units of the N.P.A.M., and every evening sees the Ottawa Drill Hall full of enthusiastic young soldiers and some that are not so young and so enthusiastic. The city units are doing their work in town but the mounted and some others go to camps. The 2nd Mounted Brigade of which the P.L.D.G., are a part, go to Kingston for 12 days on the 19th instant. The Signallers follow a week or so later, also the Machine Gunners. The C.A.S.C., and the Gunners will do their stuff at Petawawa this summer.

First Brigade Training:—The first brigade camp of the 2nd Mounted Brigade, since the war, will be held in Kingston this month. The unit will be commanded by Colonel L. P. Sherwood, V.D. The P.L.D.G., have a new C.O. in Lieut. Col. F. B. Inkster and the 3rd Dragoons also have a new commander in the person of Lieut. Col. Powell. The 4th Hussars, who have now two squadrons and Headquarters will be commanded by Lieut. Colonel C. Hanson, M.C.

New Batteries:—A recent general order authorizes the formation of two new batteries for the 1st Brigade at Ottawa. The new units designated the 25th and 51st Batteries will be commanded by Major P. Todd and Major G. A. Bate. Both of these officers have had war service and both are at present on the strength of the 1st Brigade.

Kings Birthday:—The birthday of H.M. King George was fittingly celebrated at Ottawa. At noon, June 4th the 1st Brigade C.F.A. fired a salute on Cartier Square and in the afternoon of June 2nd 2000 Ottawans journeyed to Rideau Hall, where His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Willingdon entertained at a Garden Party.

Well Represented:—Ottawa is well represented on this year's Bisle team. The team is under command of Colonel S. Maynard Rogers, of Ottawa and Lieuts. Burke, McGregor and Bishop of the G.G.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY

On the occasion of His Majesty's Birthday, the following cablegram was despatched:—

"The Private Secretary,
His Majesty The King,
Buckingham Palace, London, England.

Please convey to His Majesty the King our best wishes and many returns from his Regiment.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The following reply was received by cable June 5th,

"As Colonel-in-Chief I have received with much pleasure your loyal message for which I heartily thank all ranks.
(Sgd.) GEORGE R.I.
Colonel-in-Chief.

F.G., together with Sergeants Livingstone and Dawson of the same unit are members of the team.

At the Races:—On the afternoon of the 9th instant, His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Willingdon attended the first meet of the Connaught Park Jockey Club, in state. The escort was furnished by the P.L.D.G., under Lieut E. A. Meredith Jarvis. The postillions for the state carriage were furnished by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The review order of the Dragoons and the scarlet of the Police made a riot of colour.

Church Parade:—The annual church parade of the Ottawa garrison was held on Sunday afternoon June 3rd Colonel L. P. Sherwood was in command of the garrison which mustered over 200 all ranks on the parade.

Another Idol Shattered:—Another mighty oak fell by the way side on the 2nd instant when the marriage of Lieut Colonel Douglas Inglis, V.D., 17th D.Y.R.C.H., took place to Miss M. A. Date daughter of Lieut. Co. and Mrs. W. A. Date of Montreal. Numerous members of the late lamented Cavalry Depot and the Lord Strathcona's will remember the genial Doug.

Estimates Pass:—Colonel the Hon. J. L. Ralston managed to get all his estimates though without too much of a kick being raised and all is well for another year. True, Agnes tried to throw a monkey wrench

in the Cadet vote, but that was about all. The old antipathy to things military is slowly dying and each year the Minister finds it easier to get what he wants.

Chicago Notes.

June will be a month for lovers of horses. The South Shore Country Club Horse Show, one of the largest and most important open air shows in the country, will take place from June 12th to June 16th, and the Arlington Heights Race Meet, at the new four million dollar track, runs from June 4th to June 18th.

The South Shore Horse Show Committee has taken the lead in allotting a high percentage for Performance, their Hunter Stakes and Jumping Stakes giving 75% for performance and manners, and 25% for conformation. This is a step in the right direction, and should be encouraging to owners whose horses have suffered in the past through the high allowance given for conformation. No one wants to see a freak jumper get the blue ribbon in a Hunter Class, but some of the recent shows have awarded ribbons to horse whose performance has been mediocre and certainly not what would be desirable in the hunting field.

In order to eliminate as quickly as possible those horses who are not up to the standard required, the course of jumps has been made pretty stiff. In the Hunter Stake Class, the jumps consist of a 4 ft. 3 in. Brush, a 4 ft. 3 in. Gate, a 4 ft. in and out, and a 4 ft. 3 in. Post

and Rails. In the Jumping Stakes, the course is similar with the exception that the in and out is 4 ft. 3 and all other jumps 4 ft. 6. There is also a triple bar and a 5 ft. class, so it will be a good test of any horse's jumping ability.

What turned out to be the best collection of hunters seen at any show in the country assembled at East Lansing, Mich. on May 29th and 30th, at the Michigan State College R.O.T.C. Horse Show. In most of the classes over 45 horses started, and there were at least fifteen whose performance and conformation would give any judge grey hairs to pick a winner from.

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In the Ladies' Hunter Class, 35 entries performed and there were 10 clean performances.

One of the first things about this very excellent Show, was the number of horses ridden by their owners, the majority of the latter being ladies. The Touch-and-Out Class, was won by a lady riding her own hunter Mrs. Ruben from Toledo, on "Darlington." Mr. Thomson Ross of Winnetka, had three horses entered; two 3 year olds who were sent up for their baptism in the show ring, and "Rocket" his old campaigner. The youngsters acquitted themselves with credit although they were unable to get in the money, while "Rocket" won 2nd place in the Jumping Stake and 4th in the Hunter Stake, making clean performances in both classes. Major R. Nordheimer rode for Mr. Ross and will also take the same trio to the South Shore Country Club.

The Indian Hill Club of Winnetka, Ill., of which Major Nordheimer is Manager and Riding Instructor, will hold a Junior Horse Show on Saturday June 9th, for the children of the North Shore. This is the fifth event of this nature held by the Club, and it is a feature eagerly looked forward to by both parents and children alike. The directors of the Club rightly recognize the fact that the more encouragement given to the junior members in their riding, the more popular equitation will become and interest in the horse increased.

Ex-Tpr. F. Waters, of 'A' and 'B' Squadrons, is now employed at the Indian Hill Riding Club Winnetka, Ill., under Major Nordheimer.

Law Suit

It is rumoured that Cpl. Desnoyers has instructed his lawyers to bring suit against a 1st Troop sergeant for alienation of his "wife's" affections.

Sergeant F. A. (Pinky) Green sails July 4th to England on the Montnairn for a course in equitation at Weedon. We congratulate him on being selected and extend our best wishes for a pleasant voyage and also hope that he completes his course with credit to himself and the Regiment he represents.

Letters to the Editor.

5 Rivercourt Blvd.,
Leaside, Toronto
June 1st, 1928.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is cheque for two bucks for THE GOAT for two years.

I should certainly appreciate what you can do to locate Jim Roberts who was in Willy Aisthorpe's and Matty's 4th Troop, B. I asked for this once before without result—maybe someone who gets THE GOAT will have seen or heard of him since that time.

I have a rather good picture taken at Bourseville in '16 of "Bo" Higham. Jack James, Peter the Painter, Jock Fortune, Jock Goodings and self. If you think it would be of interest I'd gladly send it in.

Whenever I recall the old "Bo" I see a party of Drags up to the right of Delville Wood sweating in the sun under uncomfortable shell fire, filling in shell holes for the old proposed cavalry road to the front—and the "Bo" as stretcher-bearer lying deep down in a cool trench reading "A Pair of Blue Eyes"—God how that man worried over the troops!

Poor Jack James had his wife and kid kick-in when he was away and he went too, later.

Peter the Painter—the quietest, most inoffensive chap in the regiment! Often wonder what happened old Peter.. He rode a peachy little horse by the same name, till Goodings cajoled Willy Aisthorpe to let him have it. Old Jock Fortune! I think Jock was killed too. Always had a soft spot for Jock though I could hardly make out what the h—he was talking about—a field of shell holes turned to hills of heather and the rattle of guns to the calling of the kine when old Jock spoke.

Jock Gordon—just as Scotch—had the widest knowledge of pure unalloyed profanity my ears have ever vibrated to. In addition to his store of words he must have had a long wind for without a repetition of a word or the taking of a breath, he would curse and at the end of five minutes the air would be so full of steam it tarnished our buttons. Jock had a good heart though and the last time I saw him he was doing a bit of penance

for assisting in the disillusionment of a recent apparently unpopular gentlemen trooper in the barracks.

Bartlett was a lance-jack when I left the mob at St. Pol, 1917 and I think got badly banged about after. Same troop as Bartlett, but somehow didn't get to know him well. Think he's in the west now.

Dick Gamblin one of the strongest men I'm sure in the regiment. Had a silver cup for champion tent-pegger in S. Africa. Used to blow about it when he got half shot which never happened more than twice in a day. Dick was and is solid Cockney (he comes to the re-unions) and one of the deepest, softest spots in my heart is Dick's. He used to take out his teeth when fighting Andy Reed and we mounted him on one of our posh regimental guards drunker than Tommy Roddy whom we'd have arrested if we had enough men in the guard room to hold him.

Fat Goodings—he was my sidekick all through till I left. He still is; we work across the road from one another and he's an old bounder.

I think I'm the nicest fella of the bunch.

Yours Sincerely
Ernest G. Simpson.

No. 15 Aberdeen Apts.
382A Claremont Ave.,
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Mr. Editor:

As I have a little time to spare, thought I would drop a line to THE GOAT.

I wish to thank you and the staff for the send-off that was given to Bert Brennan and myself in the April issue. I am sure he appreciated it as I did.

I ran across Bert in Quebec last week, my work taking me around the country. He is looking well and has done the "Hangman's Noose" trick, also has a good position in the Police Department.

I was at the Forum on the 19th and was certainly proud of the boys as they paraded to the centre and really wished I was back for the moment. But, sir as I am on the road to success, with a little patience, do not think I will rejoin, unless needed and then I will gladly do so.

I regret that I was unable to be present at the Sports held on June 4th. I was out of the city.

Glad to see old 3rd held up its end with the trustworthy help of Sgt. "Pinkey" Green, the old reliable.

Well, as I am looking forward to the next issue will close thanking you again for your appreciation given me and I will never regret serving under yourself and others while I was with the R.C.Ds.

Hoping to be able to get down some weekend to see the boys when I may have the opportunity of trying the "high dive" again, I remain,

Yours truly,
Mohlon M. Martin
"Marty."

Tientsin, N. China,
May 8th 1928

Dear Captain Berteau:

I am writing to apologise for not having written before to thank you for the very pleasant time I had this time last year with the R.C.D's. at St. Johns. In the meanwhile however, I have been pretty well on the move and have finally landed up there as intelligence officer to a very big coal mi-

ing concern which is also one of the most important political and military factors in this part of the world. What with Bolsheviks Japanese and Chinese civil wars the job is quite interesting.

Another attraction is the fact that ponies are exceedingly cheap and the country open an excellent for riding. They are all little Mongolian Steppe ponies, few over 14 hands, very hardy, very clever, very obstinate and very hard mouthed. There is nothing placid about them and they are using their heads the whole time which makes them very interesting to ride. They all come down from the interior about five years old, absolutely wild or else badly savaged by the natives. As a consequence it is very rare to get anything approaching a properly trained mount. Stallions and mares are almost unobtainable so there are no stud farms and no colts to be had. The importation of foreign blood is forbidden by mutual consent in sporting circles for racing and polo. A good pony will cost \$60.00 to buy and \$15.00 a month to keep including

grooms, stables and food.

I was wondering whether you could give me any information regarding the Canadian Motor Machine Gun Corps. The defence of the Concession here is at present occupying a good deal of our thoughts. We have two battalions, the 1st East Yorks and the 2nd Borderers, which also have to furnish detachments for Peking and the Peking-Mukden Railway, and also the civilian volunteer corps. The latter possesses a battery of field guns and a section of machine guns, a troop of mounted infantry and a section of signallers. We are now, however, trying to organize a home-made armoured car section. We have a roughly square area to hold with a circumference of about 4 or 5 miles upon which we may expect attack. The communications inside this area are good and it is our primary intention in forming this armoured car section to provide a mobile reserve which can be rushed to any point. We think that we have enough money to buy and equip a few more machine guns, though most of our funds have to go to

laying in a stock of artillery ammunition.

What I wish to find out is what was the drill, training manual, organization and equipment of the Canadian Motor Machine Gun Corps as first originated and what modifications were found necessary under service conditions. The Canadian M.M.G.C. is the most analogous unit to that which we are trying to raise that I can think of. If I write to Ottawa I shall not get a reply for a long while (if ever) and the situation here is daily becoming more threatening. I have accordingly taken the liberty to approach you on the subject to see if you can find out anything for me more speedily.

Please remember me to all the officers and 'A' Squadron and I should like very much to hear how my C.O.T.C. people go on this year.

Yours Sincerely
H. W. Howell.

The fame city of Tientsin, was surrounded on three sides last week by Nanking Nationalist Armies and then occupied.

EDITOR.



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Johns, P.Q.

Dominion Day.

On July 1st Lord Willingdon will unveil at Quebec a tablet designed by Capt. H. Oakes-Jones in commemoration of the part played by the Royal Fusiliers in the defence of that city in 1775 and 1776 against the "Continental" Armies under Montgomery and Arnold. The inscription states:

"This Tablet is erected by permission of his Majesty King George V., Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Fusiliers, by that Regiment their sister Regiment the Canadian Fusiliers, and their friends to the memory of officers and men of the 7th Royal Fusiliers who defended Quebec in 1775 and 1776 under Sir Guy Carleton, and who with the help of detachments from the Royal Navy and Merchant Shipings, the Royal Artillery Royal Emigrants, English and French Canadian Militia and Volunteers, held the Fortress and City secure during a siege of 154 days throughout the rigours of a Canadian winter against a numerous and enterprising enemy."

'B' SQUADRON R.C.D. TREK FROM TORONTO TO NIA- GARA ON-THE-LAKE

Owing to the large percentage of recruits in "B" Squadron it was considered that it would be beneficial from a point of view of training for the Squadron to move to Camp via March Route. We accordingly left Stanley Barracks at 8.30 a.m. on Tuesday May 29th. The Squadron was in command of Maj. E. L. Caldwell and consisted of six officers, sixty-one other ranks and sixty three horses, with the Regimental Adjutant Captain Drury attached. We proceeded via the Middle Road to Port Credit where the noon-day halt was made and Major Caldwell posed for several photographs for the benefit of the Toronto Daily Star. The march was continued and the Sqn. arrived at Oakville at 3.15 p.m. where we were bivouaced in the ground of Mr. Hugh Wilson's Stock Farm and were visited by the D.O.C., M.D. 2, and Staff Officers. The horses were placed on breast lines and cooking arrangements were made in the open under shelters. About 5.00 p.m. it commenced to rain heavily and



Osborne, Spalding, Savage, Johnny Lee, Henry, Tamlyn, Mde. Theron
Friancourt, France.

through the courtesy of Mr. Wilson all ranks were enabled to get under cover in the huge stables and riding school. The distance of the first day's march was about 28 miles. The only incident of the trek occurred during the forenoon when Sergt. J. Y. MacDonald's horses stumbled. Its rider was dragged some distance and suffered a broken leg. He was evacuated to Christie Street Hospital in the R.C.A.M.C. ambulance which accompanied us throughout the trek.

Baggage, Rations, Forage etc., were carried in Motor Lorries supplied by No. 2 Detachment, R.C.A.S.C.

The following morning Reveille sounded at 5.30 a.m. and the Sqn. moved off at 8.00 a.m. via the Burlington Beach to the Fair grounds at Beamsville arriving at 3.30 p.m. The distance being about 45 miles. Here we were visited by several officers of the 2nd Dragoons, and in spite of our long march the men turned out to play a soft-ball game in the evening against the 2nd Dragoons, who proved to be easy victors. All ranks slept that night under cover of the grand-stand.

On May 31st Reveille sounded at 5.00 a.m. an early start being made, the noon halt took place near Port Weller and Niagara Camp was reached at 2.95 a.m. Distance about 25 miles.

The weather was mostly fine throughout the trek. There were no horse casualties. Everyone declared the trek to be a most enjoyable one and it undoubtedly was of tremendous value from an instructional point of view.

Here and There.

We wonder if the Niagara Historical Society has discovered any new landmarks since "Jackie" Hilton returned to town with another car.

The R.C.R. may be able to beat us at baseball, but how about a little grooming competition?

Apparently when Captain Wood departed for St. Johns, P.Q., he omitted to include "Jackson's pipe" amongst his souvenirs.

Overheard on the football field—"Brush you hair back, boys, here comes Captain Home."

Will "Willie" please tell us if she is really twenty-one and is it Leeds or Buffalo that she hails from. How about it Alfred?

It is rumoured that Major Baty will deliver a lecture anytime and anyplace in Camp on the latest Summer or Winter styles of pitching tents.

It has been suggested that in the programme of sports at the forthcoming Old Comrades Picnic a Dog Derby be included amongst the events, in which each owner will be expected to run and lead his own dog or dogs.

Ships' newspapers in the U.S.N. have received a stern order from Admiral Wiley to the effect that the use of the word "gob" will in future be discontinued. The U.S. Marine Corps will enjoy quite a

spasm of mirth over this. The following lines chanted aboard ship or shore leave are said to have provoked more fights than even the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders ever staged in rest billets:

Ten thousand gobs
Laid down their swabs.
To lick one sick marine.

"Snobbery in the Regiment."

Q.M.S. Powell of the 17th D.Y. R.C.H. and famed writer of "Soldiering" insists on his rank being used when addressing him. He was quite indignant the other night while in the canteen (where he appeared for five minutes) when one of the boys remarked "Hello Scruffy."

It is suggested that Maj. Timmis holds his moving picture shows too early in the evening. We wish to remind him that the canteen does not close till 9.30.

They say war hasn't been declared between China and Japan. The joke is on those who have been killed then.

It is said the ancient Hebrews had a goat on which all sins were placed. That's nothing! We've got a Hebrew on which we place the sins of THE GOAT.

Voliva has finished his tour of the world. He still maintains the world is flat. We only went up to Montreal for five days and came back flat.

They say when Lindbergh sends his shirts to the laundry they steal the buttons for souvenirs. That's nothing here in St. Johns, they take the shirt as well as the buttons.

The following letter, which speaks for itself, was received by the Sports Officer of the detachment of the 2nd Bn. Scots Guards, stationed at the International Concession at Shameen, Canton:—

Canton,
February 3rd, 1928.
British Army Foot-ball Team,
Shameen, Present.

Dear Game-Friends,
We have sent you a letter hint-

ing about to take a football match with your team this Saturday at 3.30 p.m., but received your definite answer nothing.

We imagine you are not willing to honour us with pleasure but without spare time.

Say, Dear Game-Friends, will you attend the football ground Shameen, to-morrow at 3.30 p.m.

We remain, Yours truly,

The Nam Yuet Football Team.
(Capt.: NGO. AU TING.)

The match was duly played and resulted in a somewhat runaway victory for the Guardsmen by 12 goals to nil.

From the Household Brigade Magazine.

BAGPIPES

"It may be argued that bagpipes are unnecessary to soldiers," states a writer in the latest issue of the Household Brigade Magazine, when referring to the new full dress of the pipers of the Scots Guards,

"but as long ago as 1745 an English court-martial found that a bagpipe was 'in the eyes of the law an instrument of war.'"

Proceeding, he states, "The prisoner James Reid, pleaded not guilty to the charge of having carried an instrument of war at the Battle of Culloden, protesting that he was only a piper. The court, however, disagreed. They had seen the courage and daring of the Highlanders who, with the music of the pipes in their ears, had gone to their death. Reid was convicted and sentenced to death."

The United States BOASTS a horse without legs' Seems to us we've heard Jock Henderson COMPLAIN of having several of these.

LOOKING BACK

June 1900.—Lt. Col. Roy, D.O. C. St. Johns, is in command of the Laprairie Camp, while Lt.-Col. Wadmore and Major Chinic also of St. Johns are D.A.A.G. and Brigade Major respectively. Over 3,000 men are under canvas.

Say "O'KEEFE'S" next time!

O'KEEFE'S EXTRA OLD STOCK ALE takes the edge off an honest thirst in "jig-time." There is something else beside Malt and Hops in this full-bodied, foaming brew and that something in SKILL.

A lighter beer is O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER — then again O'KEEFE'S make a very fine OLD STOCK PORTER.

Ask for them, next time, in canteen or the mess. You'll like them — a lot!

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Soldiering.

(Continued)

By F. W. Powell.

On our way rejoicing.

Now let's get on with it. I've tarried far too long by the way, until the thousands upon thousands of readers are beginning to insinuate that the Canadian Cavalry Brigade seem to have had a pretty easy time of it in those far off days when men were men. Did we really have a good time? I wonder? Sometimes it seemed a sin to take the money for services rendered. Then again it seemed that if we had received what we really earned we would all be rolling about in our Overlands.

Life was not composed wholly of roses, horses inspections, kit inspections, wine, love and song. Times were many when none of these things came our way. Life was grim and hard and exacting. Neither was it without a shade of personal danger. With your permission I'll rush you through the few months of preliminary training until the time comes for us to justify our existence. There is no occasion for the Canadian Cavalry Brigade to hide its head in shame. Because it so rarely worked in conjunction with the Canadian Troops many of these Infantry blokes were ignorant of our very existence. Being with the Imperials we were treated as such by the Press. What we did was never glorified into a decisive action. Not until 1918 did we operate with the Canadian Corps. Then did they see it had a Cavalry Brigade of its own that could perform all asked of it. They saw us in action at Roye and heartily applauded the movements of what they termed the "Suicide Club." Time for this, however, when I come to it.

Now to our muttons.

One night late in February, 1916 all turned out to fetch remounts from Gamaches. What a mix up? It was dark. Damnably so. Each man was given a horse to bring back. The supposition was that this horse would be retained by whoever rode him. Mine was a big, speckle mare, curiously marked about her rear end. Newky

will remember, how, when in his cups, he was fond of bringing guests from the mess to look and marvel at her strange markings.

Saddlery was new. Terrifically hard and unyielding. Saddled and moved towards Tully. Remember, it was dark. No use the officers to scream, "Keep closed up." Horses were all over the blinking country. Mine went along like a lamb. Nice cushy gait and I congratulated myself on my luck. Those in front set too fast a pace and we in the rear were soon completely out of touch. Our only guide was the clatter of hoofs on the cobbles and an occasional sight of the new white nose-bag of the horse ahead. Not difficult to keep on the road provided this road was the right one. Reached billets at length after a mad ride and turned in after doing a little something for these remounts to make them somewhat comfortable.

Next morning I was pleased to see mine was quite a decent looking plug. A biggish roan. Good legs. Should be able to jump. As was supposed we actually did retain the horse each brought from Gamaches. Bill Bailey, (killed later at St. Quentin, I think) was far from satisfied with the horse fallen to his share. He desired mine. Going farther, he claimed it. Naturally I failed to see the necessity for agreement. Words followed. Strong words that almost came to blows. Could see no reason why Bill should expect me to agree to his demands. Perhaps he thought his seniority should carry some weight. The situation was strained to say the least. I remained firm. Refused absolutely to part with the mare. Bill insisted. Shorty Steer was our troop officer. To him I appealed, and it is to be recorded that Bailey did not win the case and "Lady" remained with me for many months.

Strict training followed the coming of the remounts. Now had we more than sufficient horses and then commenced that horror of all cavalrymen, "Spare Horses." The horses were numbered and this number appeared in the roster beside the name of his rider. "Lady"

proved no misnomer. She was easy to handle, was intelligent and willing. For once Fortune had smiled upon me.

Troop, Squadron and Regimental drill followed in sickening regularity. None of these diversions pleased me particularly. Troop drill was bearable, Squadron drill was less so, but Regimental was always a horror especially if we had the misfortune to be in full marching order. That damned mess tin should be placed elsewhere. The rifle bucket isn't the only part of a saddle Those on the flanks suffer most from this weapon. Remember, "Troops right wheel into me"? Whew. This order never failed to put the wind up me a mile. I rode No. 1 in the 1st section. In consequence was invariably on one or the other flank. Galloping like hell on the outside flank to keep in line with the circling troop, I'd be shuddering at the thought of the coming impact. That hard, unyielding mess tin of the man on the other flank. Judgment in these cases is always faulty. Distances between troops is either too little or too great. There is insufficient room for you to swing into place. The other fellow into whom you crash is totally unsympathetic. He curses you for pushing the line out and you curse in return at his unwillingness to make room. The officers are yelling like mad for us to cut out the talking in the ranks and that damned mess tin has scraped the skin from one knee. If not that then the equally hard heel-peg on the other side. Horses are excited. Men are not in the best of tempers and are more than delighted to hear Newkey telling us how rotten we are. No, I never liked regimental drill. Somehow or other it seemed so futile.

Newkey was 2nd (1st perhaps, I'm not altogether sure) in command of the Squadron. The noisy, blustering Newkey. It was not humanly possible to please this man. All movements were done in a most impossible manner. At least according to Newcomen. And swear. My sainted aunt. Such a flow. Such a command. Wash-outs such as myself totally disregarded these outbursts and refused to consider ourselves as hopeless as Newkey indicated. His outbursts amused. We got quite a kick out of them. It was difficult to totally conceal the

smile that would arise despite all efforts to cloak it. Newkey did not like this smile. That's why we smiled the more. Fresh curses. New and original. The man's supply was inexhaustible. Great life this. Never once did I hear Newkey express approval of our efforts. Always the same. We were hopeless. This gave rise to the thought of whether or not it is good to assume this attitude. Many hold the opinion that too much encouragement tends to halt progress and that if a man is made to understand he is a complete wash-out he will be shamed into making an effort to prove the unreliability of the statement. Personally I'm a great believer in encouragement. Encouragement and approval act as great incentives to bigger and better accomplishments. There were so many occasions when Newkey could have made some flattering remark. Even if insincere it would have a better sound than the ceaseless disapproval. Certainly did we sometimes do things properly. Did this bring results? Not a word. Instead something after this style. "Blue-eyed Judas... ride that bloody horse... sit up there... where the bloody hell are you going... what a hell of a mess... look at you... look at you... sit up. Sit up for—sake..." and so on with such kind encouragement would Newkey spur us on to greater efforts. Like Hell. The more he raved the worse we grew until richly deserving of whatever he chose to hurl in our direction with a dark, threatening frown. For all that there was an indefinable something about him that made me rather like the bold Newkey. To see him in action with his black hair blowing about (he always managed to lose his tin hat) was to see the Cavalryman of my childhood's imagination. Cavalrymen riding fiery steeds with clouds of steam coming from their nostrils as they danced about on their hind legs. That's about enough of Newkey.

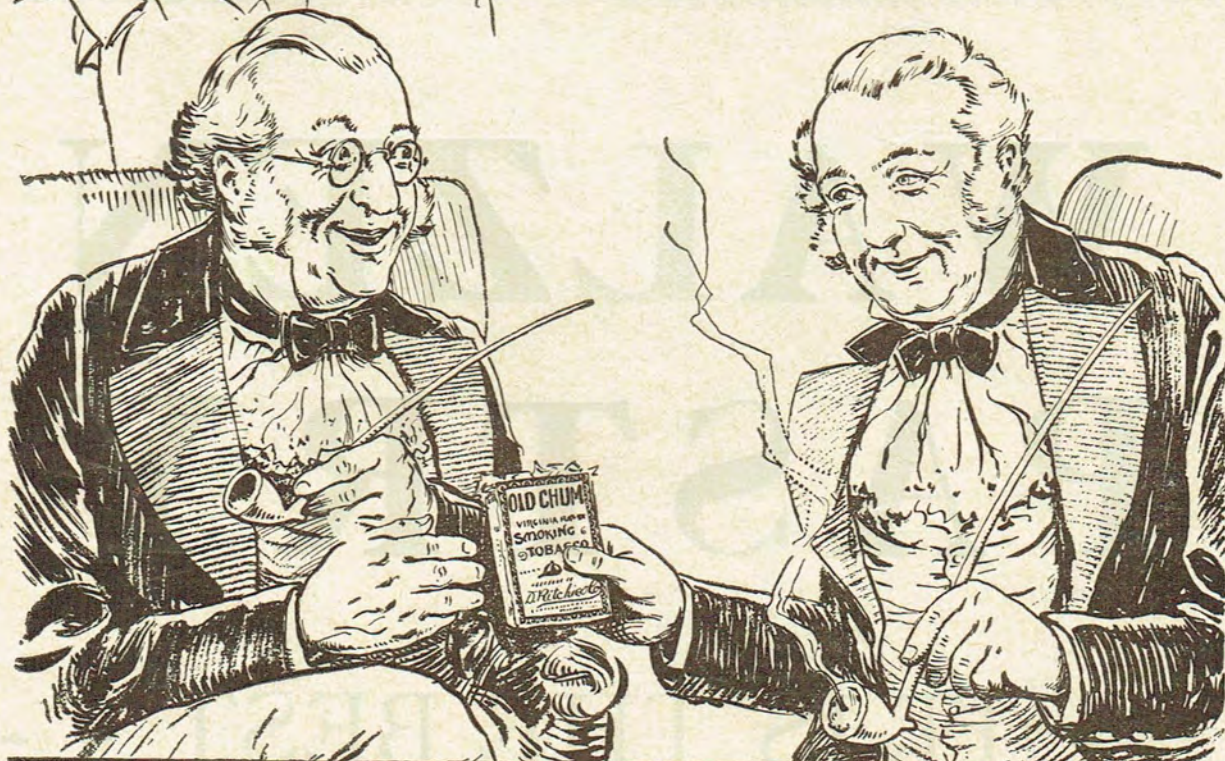
Often we rode to Ault a few kilometres away where we drilled on the sands. Sometimes would we unsaddle, undress, and swim the horses in the sea. Very pleasant both for ourselves and the many female spectators. Once alas, I was caught by the tide and thoroughly soaked before succeeding in saddling up. Vic. Spalding, Squadron S.M. came

Wherever men meet!

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OLD CHUM

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to my assistance and he too was soaked.

It's hard, for me to progress. There is so much to talk about. If, my friends, I loiter too long beside the road that leads to 1918 and the finish, and ruminate more than necessary, please be tolerant, I'm going as fast as I can.

Into the midst of all this drilling and gumbling came rumours of a move. This rumour is confirmed when we hear we are really to prepare for a move up the line somewhere. As usual wind arises and Earnshaw bustles about like a hen around her wayward chicks. Just where we are going is a mystery, but as every blessed thing is being packed it is supposed we are leaving Tully for good. We've been tolerably happy here and do not much relish the severance of the ties binding us to the obliging villagers. My "Madame" is heart-broken. She loads me with sundry parcels of eats as a parting gift.

Another necessary article is added to an already large kit. Hay nets. Each man is to fill it with hay. It's place is on the off side of the saddle. Ha-ha and another.

Great arrangement. Looks like the very devil and proves an obstacle in the business of mounting by numbers. Very quickly do the horses appreciate this kindly forethought. Every one of 'em in next to no time is tossing about the net nearest to him until successful in detaching therefrom a few blades of grass.

Of course each man orders the other chap to keep damned horse away, but as every horse is engaged in the same misdemeanor there is no proper ground for objection. This thoughtfulness for our horses must have made a lasting impression upon the villagers assembled to see us off. All very well to tell us to keep our dressing. No matter what we do the brutes will eat. Jerk their heads as much as one dare one can't keep 'em away from the hay right under their nose.

We get into sections, then half sections, and to a tearful farewell move off from Tully. Already is the hay in my net half gone thanks to that damned plug Lonsdale is riding. I reprove Buck sharply but he tells me to go and chase myself or something equally piffling. Ride

at ease. Smoke if you like, and we're really on our way. In full marching order, with all we possess, save blankets, strapped about us somewhere, we're off as cavalymen. But where do we go from here?

(To be continued)

A book of reminiscences has been written by Major-General Sid Edward S. May. Sir Edward is an Irishman and some of his stories are excellent. There was a certain lady, a relative of his, who was "a very fine upstanding woman of great dignity. One night, at Gibraltar, when returning to her father's quarters, she was seized upon and kissed by a man belonging to his regiment. She complained to her father, and the regiment was drawn up on parade the next day to enable her to identify the culprit. She did so, and attended orderly room in due course to give evidence. When asked what he had to say, the soldier, with a glance at her, replied equivocally: "Had it been daylight, I wouldn't 'a done it!"

The author says that exaggeration as to the number of grouse or snipe killed is so common in Ireland as to be stale, but that when you are told that a stout woman you are enquiring after "had fallen greatly into mate," or, according to another, she "was the full of the avenue," you were much tickled and remembered the expression afterwards. One day he asked after another friend: "What has become of Patsy?" "He's gone to America, I believe; bad luck to him wherever he is!" said Jimmie his brother. "What is he doing there?" "A French cook it is that he is," was the reply.

* * *

General May was in the Gunners and was quartered at Portobello when Captain H. S. Dalbiac joined up. He was a remarkable man, who had the misfortune to fall into bad hands when he joined, and was encouraged to devote his wonderful energy, determination and ability to racing and extravagance rather than to professional advancement. He was a great athlete; like Capt. Machell, he could jump on to mantelpiece in the anteroom—Machell

WALZEN PASTRY

- IT IS THE BEST - -

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jumped standing on to the mantelpiece in the smoking room in White's Club, and I have no doubt that the bet is still to be found in their betting records. The men loved him, and regarded him as immune from danger, so often had they seen him survive accidents. In the old days the Artillery races were held on the pastures of Well Hall Farm, a lovely vale close to Woolwich. On one occasion a rider was seen to come a desperate cropper. The crowd surged down to see the corpse. But a driver, who was nearest the scene, called back to the others: "It's only that blabby Dalbiac; he ain't hurt."

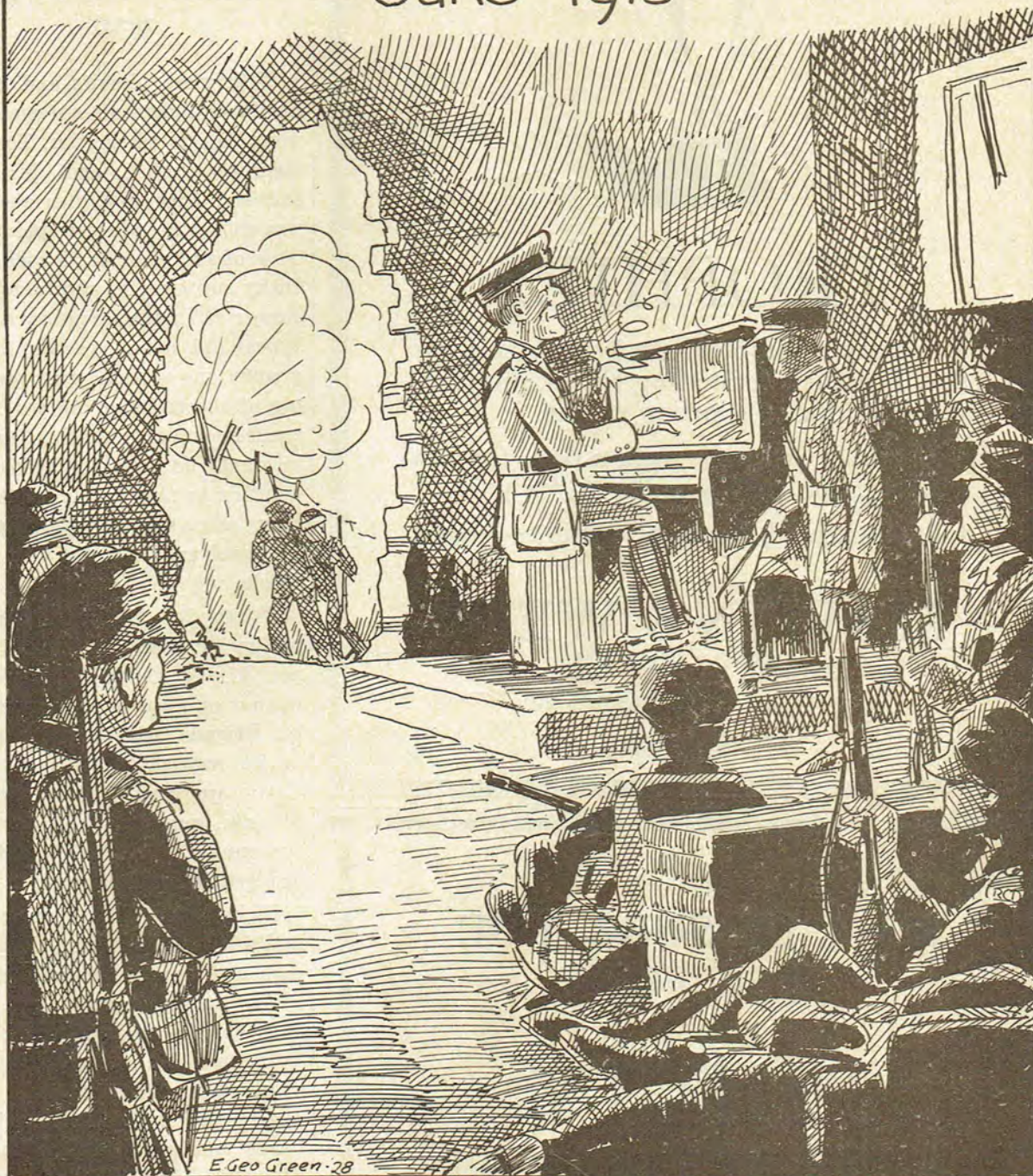
Though May does not mention it, Dalbiac was the hero of Kipling's poem, "The Jacket," which used to annoy the people who disapproved of stories about the behaviour of the Army generally. The incident is supposed to have occurred in the war against Arabi. Officers in the Royal Horse Artillery were then promoted from the Field Artillery and wore a very gorgeous gold-laced jacket. The celebration of this promotion entailed a generous provision of drinks to those under him. In this case "the Captain 'ad 'is jacket 'and the jacket it was new."

—('Orse Gunners, listen to my song!) An' the wettin' of the jacket is the proper thing to do; Nor, we didn't keep 'im waiting very long." The new Captain asked them whether they would rather draw the shrapnel, "which is six-and-thirty clear" or the beer; 'and we didn't keep 'im waiting very long." They trotted gentle "not to break the bloomin' glass," and then ran out of ammunition. So they charged the "Arabites" with the guns. "The Captain took the glassy (glacis) with a ratlin' right incline. An' we dropped upon their 'eads the other side."

This was not the first time that a battery had charged. During the Peninsular War a battery charged French cavalry and carried off their Eagles and since then it carries an Eagle on the metal work of its harness. Curiously enough May does mention a somewhat similar incident later on in his book. His Major at Aldershot, one Rothe, was in command of a brigade of Horse Artillery at some manoeuvres, when he was ordered by Sir Evelyn Wood to march his two batteries with military precautions

from one point to another, a considerable distance apart. Rothe thought it was quite a routine proceeding and sent out few, if any scouts. Suddenly rifle shots rang out, and line of enemy infantry were discovered on the open heath. There flashed through poor Rothe's brain some tale he had heard somewhere of a battery who had once acquired undying fame by charging infantry and he charged for all he was worth. Sir Evelyn next day went to the War Office and the command of Horse Artillery at Aldershot passed to somebody else. —The Raconteur in the Montreal Gazette.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER! in the old brewery at Givenchy — June — 1915 —



Hen-fruit Fatality

"Tough luck," said the egg in the monastery. "Out of the frying-pan into the friar."

Tramp (to haughty old gentleman) Spare a copper, sir."

Haughty Old Gentleman: I never give money to people in the street my man.

Tramp: Then call at me 'ead orfis and settle wiv me sekeerry.

Mrs. McHunt: "Dead! Dead! Dear me! Poor Mrs. McSnorter gone to join the great mapority."

McSorley: "Well, I wouldn't

say that! She was a good woman so far as we know!"

"Girls were harder to kiss in your days, weren't they, Grandpa?

"Well, mebee; but it wasn't so blame dangerous. The 'ol parlor sofa wasn't apt to smash into a tree jest about the time ye got all puckered up."

She: "I think your razor needs honing dear; I can hardly sharpen a pencil with it any more."

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Ice Cream Co.
Limited,

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The Major's Prisoner.

BY WILL R. BIRD

(Courtesy of the Legionary)

(Second and Concluding Instalment)

With more biscuits and cheese, his flash light and automatic, he went back to his captive. The German was sullen, and his eyes searched Dicky's. When the food was eaten the prisoner pointed to the roof and made harsh complaint. Dicky supposed he referred to the danger of further cave-ins, but the appeal did not move him. Of far greater importance was the saving of the major. As well as he could he explained to the Hun that he would be removed that night, pointing to nine on his watch dial. Then, after much threatening with his revolver, he retied the thick wrists.

At stand-to, Dicky was nonplussed by the news that filtered from post to post. Catty Fisher was going out on his own to get a prisoner. Brigade had become insistent in its request. At eight-thirty, Catty appeared, and to Dicky's surprise, went out at his post near the tunnel. A long half-hour dragged by, and the major came.

Dicky heard him coming and crouched in the tunnel. The German had managed to roll halfway to the entrance and the light in his eyes showed desperate resolve. Dicky tapped his automatic significantly and again pointed to his watch, then severed his captive's bonds and marched him back to where they had first met. There he thrust him to a seat in the rubbish and went through a pantomime of surrender. The German nodded vigorously and whined his usual "Kamerad." Now certain that all was ready Dicky raced back and met McTaggart fuming at the delay. They entered the mouth of the place and then the officer backed out and swore mightily.

"Ah-h, why—why?" Dicky was bewildered.

"This is the very tunnel the Engineers examined a week ago," swore the major. "It's empty."

"It may have been then," said Dicky determinedly, "but I heard voices in there not an hour ago."

That sufficed. A strenuous

tugging and pulling and the senior major of the R.C.R.'s. was on the far side of the first barrier. Confident that the Hun would stay in place, and wishing McTaggart the spice of adventure, Dicky kept well to the rear. His superior lumbered up the passage with as much noise as a battery column, and his faithful ally perspired freely as he pictured the major in No Man's Land. McTaggart's headlong methods soon landed him at the last barricade. Dicky's hand had tightened on his automatic at the last moment, but the torch showed that the place was empty!

"Is this as far as we can go?" McTaggart's tones were impatient.

"Ah-h, I think it is," said Dicky weakly. "There must be a mistake."

"Humph! My mistake in coming here. Let's get back. I'll have a Hun before it's light."

Dicky dared not explain, but as they came back to the entrance he saw where timbers had been pulled away enough to hold the missing prisoner. The German had followed him, and had hidden by the barricade as they climbed over. When they were again in the trench the major turned and spoke with emphasis. "You go to Company Headquarters and stay there still I come. Tell them I sent you, nothing more. Do you understand?"

"Yes," responded Dicky, "but, ah-h—"

"There are no 'buts'," was the reply. Yet the officer's hand caught Dicky's in the dark and the grip was warm and lasting.

Dicky saw the major go down to bomb stores, and for a moment he stood, undecided. Not for a split second did he consider going to headquarters. Then he thought of the German uniform.

When McTaggart climbed over the parapet near the tunnel's entrance and searched with rasping comment until he found a lane in the wire, a small blur in the darkness of a shell hole remained motionless, but when the officer moved toward Hun land the blue advanced with him. It was Dicky, with a Hun uniform over his own

and a "coal-scuttle" that covered him like a tent.

The thin green streak of a German flare shot up in the darkness, burst into ghostly illumination, and dropped with a hissing sound. The major had crouched at the report the flare pistol, and he remained as steady as the brick end of a ruined stable he faced.

Somewhat to his left crouched Dicky, also rigid. A cellar gaped near the ruined stable and between them was a tangle of wire that forced McTaggart to circle his obstructions. Dickie seized the opportunity and as the major stepped around the brick wall he was met, as if by magic, with a queer-looking figure in field gray. A cry of "Kamerad! Kamerad!" came huskily.

The major fumbled his gun and this alone prevented a bullet cutting short the Kamerad appeal. Then the major spoke loudly. "Keep reachin' for stars and hustle. One slip and I'll shoot. Travel." His captive moved with marvellous alacrity.

They had not gone a dozen paces, however when two dark shapes appeared on their right, two shapes that resembled the major and his trophy, for the one in the lead wore over-sized gray and held his hands aloft.

McTaggart was equal to the occasion. He swung his prisoner in front of him as a defence and belatedly "Who the devil are you?"

"Who are you?" came the retort. Followed a few heart-beats of suspense, and then the major's gruff voice sliced the quiet again. "Are you Fisher, the scout?" he asked.

The major's prisoner seemed to sag at the knees.

"I am, sir. Is that Major McTaggart?" Doubt, but considerable respect, tinged the reply.

"Certainly," barked the major. "Come along, man. This is no place to argue."

The procession had not gone its length when cra-ash! ba-ang! cra-ash! Hun grenades burst all around them, and German machine guns barked like angry dogs. Heinie had missed a sentry and was peeved.

At the first outbreak the quartette leaped to a crater, and by some awkwardness the prisoners were tangled together. After a spasm of shooting the machine



"B" Squadron, Boursville, France, 1916.

guns subsided and only constant flares denoted anything unusual.

"We'll go in separately," growled McTaggart. "Take that bird of yours, Fisher, and move sharp."

The men in grey were identical. One arose with remarkable readiness, almost seeming to thrust the other back, before the major's heavy hand made sure of him. Dicky had anticipated the moment and his heart sang again as he stumbled along in front of Fisher, his hands in the air.

Catty followed closely and his voice was arrogant as he ordered the sentry to help the prisoner down into the trench.

"Help him down—he can't bite. You needn't be windy of him now."

They clattered into the bay. "Not that way," snapped Fisher. "Turn him 'round. I'm goin' straight to Brigade. Old McTaggart's got a Heinie, too, and I'm goin' to beat him out. Some Heinie must have been walkin' in his sleep when that old buzzard caught him."

Catty's captive stepped lively enough, and had not the scout been so conscious of his prowess he would surely have been suspicious of his Hun's knowledge of the trench.

Dicky's mind flashed at lightning speed. At the tunnel entrance they had to pass, the ground dipped sharply. Dicky's feverish mind grasped a possible salvation from his predicament. He purposely stepped high and pitched into the hollow in a twisting fall. Catty, scornful of danger, bent over and grasped him by the collar. "Get up," he snapped, and jerked roughly.

The response he got was the butt of a Lueger driven with all of Dicky's energy. It landed fairly on the scout's forehead and Fisher lost interest in everything.

"Ist es du, Fritz?" The sudden hoarse whisper burnt through Dicky like an electric shock. It came from the tunnel mouth, and without hesitation he risked his flashlight. Peering at him from the cavity was the big-jowled German with pig-like eyes.

Dicky's automatic had gone up with his torch. "Hands up," he hissed, "and push back in there."

The Hun obeyed the pointed pistol, but emitted a flow of gutturals with "Kamerads." His captor paid no heed but forced him to drag the scout in the tunnel entrance beside them. The German acted like a caged tiger, but Dicky watched him narrowly as he strove for ideas. In some way he must get the fellow back to Hunland in order to avoid endless inquiries. Catty groaned and the little man turned his head. In that fraction of time the German struck the light to earth and leaped outside. Before Dicky could dive after him, the man had vanished.

As he stood listening for the fugitive he heard heavy footsteps approaching. Dodging back into the tunnel he saw McTaggart pass, stepping like a two-year old after his under-sized prisoner. Dazed by crowding events, Dicky crept out and followed. The next moment a gruff voice ahead struck him like cold water. "Halt! Put them up—you son of the Kaiser By the sad-eyed herring, if the Huns aren't running loose in our trenches. Back up there, Von Blitzen. March now, you sausage grinders march!"

Dicky sprang to action. Every second counted. Complications were setting in rapidly and his only hope, he thought, was to get to Company Headquarters ahead of McTaggart. It would free him of much questioning if he could sip in unobserved. Only

one way was open, however, and that was overhead.

He swarmed up the parados and struggled through loose rubbish. Brick ruins held him up and once he fell over a metal bar. He picked it up to use as a staff. A sentry was dozing by the Headquarter's

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dugout, doing duty as gas alarm. He roused to see a horrible looking Hun, armed with a spear, leaping down on him. Dicky, in his hurry, had not chosen his descent. The sentry's yell of fear was smothered by Dicky's bulky garments and the downfall of both carried them over the top step. In a fearsome tangle they rolled, bumped and slid down the dugout stairs.

An officer from Brigade, a red-tabbed specialist, and an interpreter, were sitting in conference with the captain of "D" Company. Into their presence tumbled the writhing figures, untangling to display a wild-looking Hun, bareheaded. The specialist's leap for safety was never forgotten. He hurdled a map-littered table and crashed signallers, telephone and all into a cot where slumbered a weary runner. The latter's despairing cry was cut off abruptly. The interpreter blanched to an unhealthy pallor, but the captain proved the hero of the hour. He produced an overgrown revolver of the regulation type and fired—once—twice. The first bullet chipped chalky fragments from the ceiling and ricocheted into the gas blanket. It missed the terrified sentry by an inch. With another howl of fright he bolted up the stairs—to be met by another German with a heavy jowl and pig-like eyes!

The second bullet jankled equipment that hung on one side of the dugout and brought forth another chalky eruption.

"It's me, Dicky Parsons—Dicky Parsons—Dicky Parsons!" The shouting of his visitor caused the captain to cease fire. "Don't shoot me. The major's comin'," shrilled Dicky. The light of the dugout and the actions of its inmates had crashed home the fact that he still wore Hun clothes. He had lost his "coal-scuttle" at the tunnel.

Then a series of gasps issued forth as two more Germans piled into the dugout, and the specialist moaned feebly. The interpreter weakened suddenly—and sat down on a newly-opened jam tin. Close behind the Huns came a massive figure who wheezed.

"Hullo!" boomed the voice. "What the—?"

Silence, perfect and golden, broken only by a dripping sound from some portion of the equipment on the wall. McTaggart turned and sniffed. The fumes of damp

chalky soil recently disturbed, exploded ammunition and stale cigarettes, were over-ridden by an odor not to be mistaken. "Hell!" he roared. "there's whisky wasting somewhere."

The sentry, who had summoned enough courage to return, pointed a finger. "It's the captain's water bottle," he said in a shaky voice. There was a stir in the background, and never a sun rose redder than the specialist from behind the runner's cot. Almost as dramatic was the rise of the interpreter. The opened jam tin rose with him, its jagged and sticky contents having made it a close companion. Then the major glimpsed the bare-headed German who stood slumped miserably, with his back towards the entrance.

"I thought Fisher went to Brigade," McTaggart snorted. "Where is he?"

"I—I don't know," said the captain. "These must be your prisoners."

"Slimy sea serpents!" shouted the major. "Do you mean to tell me that I brought three down here?"

The captain was getting control of himself. "Why, yes, sir, he said carefully, "They all came down ahead of you."

"Jumping mackerel!" yelled McTaggart, "do these animals multiply like that? I capture one Heinie—then there's two, twins—I come on and there's—" He was growing delirious when Dicky turned and looked him full in the eye.

The major choked. He pulled off his steel hat and rubbed a shining bald spot, spat—and reached for the leaky water bottle. Dicky had seen him take slightly more than the usual rum ration just as they entered the tunnel; had seen another generous "pull" at the shell crater. He watched performances eagerly, and once more hope circulated in his breast. McTaggart examined the bullet dent in the bottle. "It can be fixed," he muttered thickly and removed the stopper.

Three candles fluttered wanly in the tepid air. The different breathings of the onlookers contrasted oddly, but there was music of a sort in the steady gurgling that followed. When it ceased the major replaced the bottle with methodical care, wiped his mouth,

and turned to Dicky.

"Private Parsons," he said grimly, "if you want to smell salt water again, tell the truth. What are you doing in that uniform?"

Icy and terrible was the calm portent of those words, but their effect was lost. To Dicky came swift memories of other days when the disposal of liquids had reached a certain point. An elaborate "Mister Parsons" must be a close relative to this deliberate "Private Parsons." He must tell anything but the truth, to avoid disaster. "I was captured by three Germans as I came this way from the tunnel," he said smartly, though fascinated by the changing light in the major's eye. "They dressed me in this rig and took me out in No Man's Land, but I give them the slip and was tryin' to get here to give the alarm when I fell into the trench."

An expressive silence followed his recital. The fish-cold blue eyes of the captain were fixed on him. "I believe, Major," said that officer, "that this man is an unscrupulous liar."

McTaggart's hat clamped on his head. "You do!" he said, hiccupping a trifle. "I'm here to tell you he's worth a dozen of—of—of—of" his eye lingered over the captain, the specialist, and the interpreter. He straightened with

military precision. "Send these beauties to Brigade," he thundered, "as Major McTaggart's prisoners. Come with me, Private Parsons. We must be at the railroad at seven."

He turned, but with a sputtered ejaculation the big-jowled German thrust forward and poured forth a deluge of gutturals. The interpreter came suddenly to life and held up his hand. "One minute, Major," he said gravely, "this prisoner says that this man," he pointed to Dicky, "is crazy—insane. This prisoner says he crawled through a tunnel and tried to surrender to the English and was prevented. He says this man felled one of his own comrades and rolled him in a hole."

Very solemnly McTaggart scrutinized the German and then the interpreter. "The Major says"—his speech was getting thicker—"that this man"—he pointed to the Hun accuser—"is an unscrupulous liar."

In the chill of dawn a car rolled down the cobbled road that led to St. Pol. The driver paid little attention to the rougher spots in the highway. He had been rudely aroused by this majestic major, who was undeniably drunk, and only his fear of the might of the R.C.R.'s. had forced him to disregard rules of the Brigade staff

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and take a car without proper orders. The two figures in the back seat were very drowsy. They lolled together, almost affectionately.

At the big station of St. Pol, the driver unloaded his charges with difficulty. The major was seated on a truck, and his companion, a little man in rumpled clothing, squatted close beside him. The chauffeur's curiosity overcame him. "Say, you,"—he shook the smaller man, "where are you goin'?"

The rumpled little man opened his eyes, blinked, looked again, and shut them. He snuggled closer to the officer "Ah-h we're goin' fish-in," he stammered, and slept.

1st, The Royal Dragoons

The undermentioned items from the regimental records of our Allied Regiment have been compiled from "Regimental Records of the British Army" by John S. Farmer, published in 1901, and from "The Monthly Army List."

We trust that they may prove both interesting and instructive to all past and present members of The Royal Canadian Dragoons.

1st The Royal Dragoons

Previous Titles

- 1661-83. The Tangiers Horse
- 1683-90. The King's Own Royal Regiment of Dragoons.
- 1690-1751. The Royal Regiment of Dragoons.
- 1751. The 1st (Royal) Dragoons

Present Station—Egypt.

Regimental Badge—The "Crest of England" within the Garter, circumscribed by "Spectemur agendo" and surmounted by a crown (Hanoverian.) Also "an Eagle" in commemoration of the Capture of the Eagle of the 105th. French Regiment at Waterloo.

Uniform—Scarlet (from 1683) facing. Dark Blue (from 1683) Plume, Black.

Agents—Lloyds Bank Ltd., Cox's and King's Branch.

Regimental Association—1st The Royal Dragoons Aid Society, 92 Victoria St. London S.W.I.

Regimental Magazine—"The Eagle."

Allied Regiment of The Canadian Permanent Active Militia—The

Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Colonel in-Chief—The King.

Colonel—Hon. Major General Sir John F. Burn Murdock, K.C., V.O., C.B., C.M.G., ret. pay, p.s.e., t.a. 16/4/19.

Commanding Officer—Lt. Col. E. W. T. Miles, M.C.

Adjutant—Capt. the Hon. G.R. D. Browne, O.B.E.

Principal Campaigns, Battles, Etc.

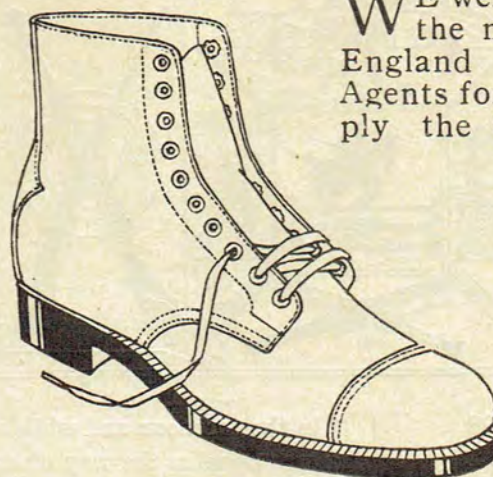
- 1661-84 Tangiers
- 1690 Boyne
- 1694-97 Flanders
- 1695 Namur
- 1705-10 Spain
- 1705 Valencia d'Alcantara
- 1706 Albuquerque.
- 1706 Barcelona
- 1707 Almanzar
- 1710 Almanara
- 1710 Saragossa
- 1715 Jacobite rising
- 1742-45 Flanders
- 1743 Dettingen
- 1745 Fontenoy
- 1760-63 Germany
- 1760 Warbourg
- 1760 Campen
- 1762 Wilhelmstahl
- 1793-95 Flanders
- 1794 Cateau
- 1794 Villers-en-Couché
- 1794 Tournay
- 1809-14 Peninsula
- 1811 Fuentes d'Onor
- 1812 Salamanca
- 1813 Vittoria
- 1814 Toulouse
- 1815 Waterloo
- 1815 Netherlands
- 1854 Balaclava
- 1855 Sevastopol
- 1884 Egypt
- 1899-1902 South Africa
- 1914-18 France and Flanders

Honours on the Colours—

- "TANGIER, 1662-80."
- "DETTINGEN"
- "WARBURG"
- "BEAUMONT"
- "WILLEMS"
- "FUENTES D'ONOR"
- "PENINSULA"
- "WATERLOO"
- "BALACLAVA"
- "SEVASTOPOL"
- "RELIEF of LADYSMITH"
- "SOUTH AFRICA 1899-1902"

The Great War—

- "YPRES, 1914-15"
- "LANGEMARCK, 1914"
- "GHELUVELT"
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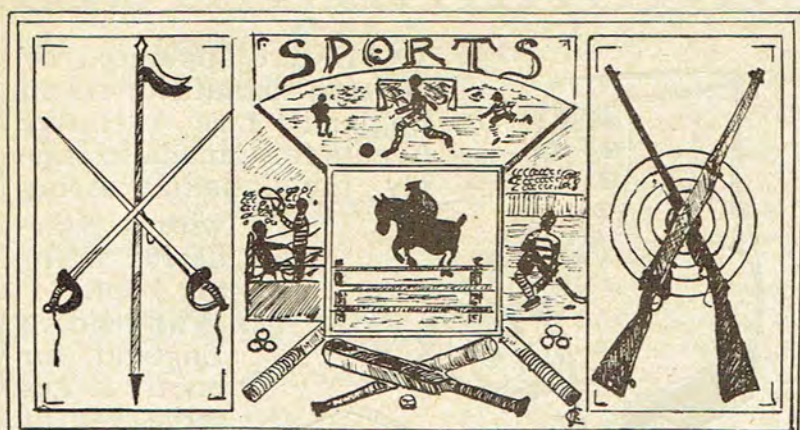
- "FREZENBERG"
- "LOOS"
- "ARRAS, 1917"
- "SCARPEL 1917"
- "SOMME, 1918"
- "ST. QUENTIN"
- "AVRE"
- "AMIENS"
- "HINDENGURG LINE"
- "BEAUREVOIR"
- "CAMBRAI, 1918"
- "PURSUIT TO MONS"
- "FRANCE & FLANDERS, 1914-18."

Nickname—"The Bird-catchers" (also borne by The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons) and the Royal Irish Fusiliers.)

Notes—Originating in the Troops

of Horse engaged in the defence of Tangiers from 1662 to 1684, The 1st The Royal Dragoons have since figured in nearly every campaign with conspicuous bravery. Among its captured standards are one from the Moors in 1664, that of the "Mousquetaires Noirs" at the battle of Dettington, and a French Eagle (see above) at the battle of Waterloo. In 1894 the Emperor of Germany was Colonel-in-Chief.

Telephone operator I have your party. Deposit five cents, please. Souze: Whatzzat? T.O. Please deposit your money. S. Listen, girlie, wat I wan's a conversash'n from afren', not financial advice from a stranger.



SPORTING NOTES

The St. Catharines Horse Show is scheduled to take place on July 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th. There are a number of classes on their Prize List which are suitable for our officers, n.c.os. and men to enter, and it is our intention that we shall be well represented there.

The Polo Field at Niagara-on-the-Lake is in excellent shape this year and each afternoon the officers and some of the N.C.O.'s. are busy practicing. It is hoped that before our departure we shall be able to organize several matches.

Inter-Troop Football and Softball games are being played every evening. Much valuable talent is being discovered and it is anticipated that the Squadron will give a good account of itself in Inter-Unit competition at Petawawa Camp next August.

Major E. L. Caldwell and Capt. W. S. Fenton were selected to play with the Golf Team from the Niagara-on-the-Lake club in their Annual Match against St. Catharines.

KING'S BIRTHDAY

Ideal weather favoured our postponed Victoria Day Sports held on June 4th and while the crowd of spectators was not what it would have been had the day been a public holiday at the same time there was a fairly large crowd. It was a great disappointment to all that the Highlanders' Band was unable to come down and the Musical Ride, which was regarded as the piece de resistance, had to perform to the accompaniment of a lone cornet in the hands of Q.M.S. Travers.

The dismounted events were run

ff in the forenoon and while nothing was done in the way of exceptional performances, there was some keen competition between the two units.

With the exception of one or two exhibitions of rough riding, the mounted sports were run off smoothly. The Costume and the Two Chum Races were easily the most interesting events of the afternoon, with the possible exception of the Musical Ride, which drew great applause from the crowd. During the tug-of-war event an unfortunate accident occurred which resulted in Tpr. A. Letourneau of 3rd Troop getting his leg broken. He was rushed to the station hospital immediately where he was attended by Col. Clarke, D.M.O. who was on the field at the time of the accident.

We are sure that a word or two of congratulations to the R.C.R. mounted wrestling team will not be amiss. They deserve great credit for the splendid efforts they made against such doughty cavalrymen (sic) as Doherty, Fissiault, Woolcock, Old Ben, etc. We advise our people to "punch up" a bit before they meet these "foot-sloggers" again in Petawawa.

Results of dismounted events:—

DISMOUNTED EVENTS

100 yd. dash—Sgt. Green, Cpl. Stewart and Pte. Lafond
Broad Jump—Cpl. Lafond, Tprs. Allingham and Washington.
220 Race—Sgt. Green, L/Cpl. Stewart and Pte. Lafond.
Tug-of-War—2nd Troop, R.C.D., R.C.R.
Sack Race—Pte. Rowlands, Tpr. Willard and Sgt. Green.
Mile Relay—R.C.R. and 1st Troop.
High Jump—L/Cpl. Clarke, Tprs. Washington and Carpenter.
Obstacle Race—Cpl. Lafond, Tpr. Ross and Sgt. Green.

MOUNTED EVENTS

Balaclava Melee—1st Troop, 3rd Troop and 2nd Troop.
V.C. Race—L/Cpl. Gilmore, L/Cpl. Jennings and Tpr. Bold.
Boat Race—Tprs. Yoxall, Ross and Ryder.
Two Chum Race—Tprs. Doherty and Dooley; Hilder and Randle and L/Cpl. Gilmore and Sgt. Langley.
Wrestling—1st Troop and R.C.R.
Costume Race—Tprs. McKenna, Ross and Fissiault.
The individual Cavalry Cup was won by Sgt. Green.

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With 14 teams entered in the League last winter a most successful season has been concluded. The Senior Section was won by the R.M.R.'s., the Intermediate Section by the 1st Motor Machine Gun Brigade and the Out-of-town Section by the Sherbrooke Regiment. In the shoot-off for the Divisional Trophy by the above three section, the R.M.R.'s. won by the margin of two points over Sherbrooke.

R.C.D.'s had a team entered in the Out-of-town Section but were unable to complete the programme.

The P.Q.R.A. annual meeting will be held at Point aux Trembles Ranges August 7, 8, 9 and 10. This will be the first time in five years that the meeting will last for four days, previous ones having been of three days duration. There will

also be an increase in prize money of \$1000.00 over last year's prize list and the meeting is again thrown open to the whole of Canada, with the exception of competition for trophies and medals.

GARRISON 5—DELSON 1

On Saturday June 2nd the Garrison Football Team played and won their first game with Delson, the score being 5-1. While Delson in their present condition are by no means a match for our team, still they played a good combination game and had it not been for two penalties, both of which MacLean scored, the count might not have been so high. Of course our fellows did not exactly put themselves out, but played a steady game. Croft scored Delson's lone goal with a beautiful kick from well outside the penalty area. MacLean maintained his standing by scoring four and Goff scored the other.

2nd TROOP 3—1st TROOP 1

In one of the most keenly contested games of the season 2nd Troop defeated the best eleven that 1st Troop is capable of turning out. There was only about five minutes to play in the second half, with the score 1-0 in favor of 1st, when Mundell (playing center forward) received a nice pass from the right wing and tied the score. Carter scored a few moments later with a nice drive and just before the whistle sent

in a repeater.

2nd Troop—Langley, Wheeler, Campbell, Gordon, Wellard, Woolcock, Carter, Macdonald, Mundell, Charlton, Berkins.

1st Troop—Carpenter, Doherty, Rogers, Boucher, Harris, Freeman, Cornwall, Russell, Rowe, Ross, Dooley.

The Inter-troop football and softball leagues are well under way and most every evening now one game or another is being played on the Barracks Recreation Field. There seems to be more interest in sport this year than ever before. We have also entered a team in the St. Johns and Iberville Softball League, the first game being played Monday night against.

WILL THE SAME THING OCCUR THIS YEAR AT AMSTERDAM?

Charles Paddock, joint holder of the world's record for the 100-yard dash, recently made a speech over the radio telling of an incident at the Olympic Games in 1924.

"It was suggested that the American who drew the inside lane that day, the moment that he was set, should start running. The rest of us would know what to expect and could save ourselves. But Abrahams, the Englishman, in order to protect himself would have to go, too, expending his energy. Of course if the first American was not called back he would undoubtedly win. But if he did not get away with it, then the next American would try, and the next until each American would have started twice, while Abrahams would have had to start hard eight times. In that many chances it was very probable that one American would get away. But if no one did, it would not make any difference, because Abrahams would be so worn out from his eight trials that an American would win anyway.

"It was a grand idea. It could hardly fail. The four of us left our tent and went to the starting line, confident that Abrahams would be beaten. I drew the inside lane. The moment I looked at the number I knew that the scheme was off. And my team-mates seemed to sense it too. For the training that we had had in American athletics prevented us from seizing that kind of an opportuni-

ty. . .

"We are called to our mark. We were set. The gun was fired. We were off together the first time. Slowly Abrahams pulled away, and he broke the tape well ahead. He deserved to win, because he was the best man that day. . ."

This is the conception of Sport that many have today.

It is not particularly Paddock's fault, but the fault of the 'system' under which he and many like him are trained.

Trooper to Kid Roy: What did you get?

K.R.: Seven days C. Bees and two pay days.

Shine—'em up, Boss! City Slicker, What does your son do?

Farmer: He's a bootblack in the city.

City Slicker: Oh, I see, you make hay while the son shines.



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ARMS AND THE MAN

I saw a ragged laddie in the street
With capless head and bootless
grimy feet;
His face was dirty, yea it wore
a grin
That plainly proved a happy
thought within.
What could he have, this boy, to
grin about?
Surely, if anyone's, his luck was
out!
I looked him up and down, and un-
derstood
Why life to the poor urchin seem-
ed so good,
A coat too large, as well as old, he
wore—
His father's, I imagine, long be-
fore—
And 'neath its tatters, rakishly
displayed,
There stuck ten inches of a bright
tin blade!
You who were young once, you
know how he felt—

So conscious of a cutlass in his
belt!
He was no ragged urchin; in his
heart
He played some reckless and ro-
mantic part;
His Glasgow was not Glasgow grey
and cold.
But some wild city full of loot and
gold;
For all I know he stood, that lucky
one.
On stout deck planking warped
by salt and sun,
Or else—for he was quite a tiny
boy—
He had no dreams clear-cut, but
just vague joy
Because he bore a shining sword,
and knew
It was the thing that proper he-
roes do.

(Send in by Capt. J. Wood)

Giving the Low-down.—Ross
Wilson will sing a base solo.—Ad
in paper.

PROPHECIES OF MOTHER SHIPTON

Because of the uncanny manner in which the prophecies of Mother Shipton have been coming to pass during recent years, considerable attention has been attracted to this strange creature of four centuries ago. Even those who have in the past scoffed at the weird predictions of this ancient "witch" are now stirred by curiosity to wonder what will next occur in this connection.

Mother Shipton, we are told, was born in Yorkshire, England, in July, 1488, and died about 1559. In books of information she is described as a half mythical English prophetess, baptized Ursula Southiel, who later married Tony Shipton and the devil.

The following extracts from her amazing prophecies were taken from a scrapbook made more than forty years ago and owned by a Rochester woman:

A house of glass shall come to pass
In merry England, but, alas,
War will follow with the work
In the land of the Turk.
And state and state in fierce strife
Struggles for each other's life.

Carriages without horses shall go
And accidents fill the world with woe.
In London Primrose Hill shall be
And the centre of a bishop's see.
Around the world thought shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Through the hills men shall ride
And neither horse nor ass bestride.
Under water men shall walk.
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk,
Iron in the water shall float
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's now unknown.
Fire and water shall wonders do
And England shall admit a Jew.
Three times three shall lovely France
Be led to dance a bloody dance
Before her people shall be free.
Three tyrant rulers she shall see,
Each springtime from a different dynasty.

And when the last great fight is won,
England and France shall be as one.
And now a word in uncouth rhyme
Of what shall be in latter time
In those wonderful far-off days
Women shall get a strange old craze
To dress like men, and breeches wear,
And cut off their beautiful locks of hair.

And ride astride with brazen brow
As witches do on broomsticks now.
Then love shall die, and marriage cease

And babes and sucklings so decrease
That wives shall fondle cats and dogs,
And men live much the same as hogs,
In eighteen hundred and ninety-six
Build your houses of rotten sticks,
For then shall mighty wars be planned.

And fire and sword sweep over the land.

And those who live the century through

In fear and trembling this will do;
Fly to the mountains and to the glens,
To bogs and forests and wild dens,

For tempest shall rage and oceans will roar
And Gabriel stand on sea and shore;
And as he toots his wondrous horn,
Old world shall die and new be born
In the air me shall be seen
In white, in black in green;
Now strange, but yet they shall be true,
The world upside down shall be
And gold shall be found at the roots of a tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And horse nor ass be at his side.

Explaining the Primrose Hill line. At the time the prophecy was uttered, Primrose Hill was two miles from London. Now it is nearly in the heart of London, but a short distance from Regent's Park.

And Get the Gate

Doris: "Father, would you care if I married a man with a title?"

Father: "Not if it were the heavyweight title, Doris."

Veteran Campaigner.—Old Slow Poke—"Mister Jackson, er—that is, I would like to, er—that is, I mean I have been going with your daughter for five years."

Old Man—"Well, whadda you want—a pension?"

All Forgiven.

"What is your worst sin, my child?"

"My vanity I spend hours before the mirror admiring my beauty."

"That is not vanity that is imagination."

An Irish clergyman thought it his duty to speak to a lady who had unhappily lost her faith in Christianity and after a few argument she ended by saying, "Well you will go to hell, you know, and I shall be very sorry indeed to see you there."

Proprietor: "You come into my restaurant, you order a glass of water, you drink it, and you calmly walk out!"

Scot: "What were ye expectin' me to do, mon—stagger oot?"

Squire: "Did you suffer badly from the floods, Mr. Giles?"

Mr. Giles: "I should think I did! Why, I was shut up in the house with the missus for nearly a week."

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